

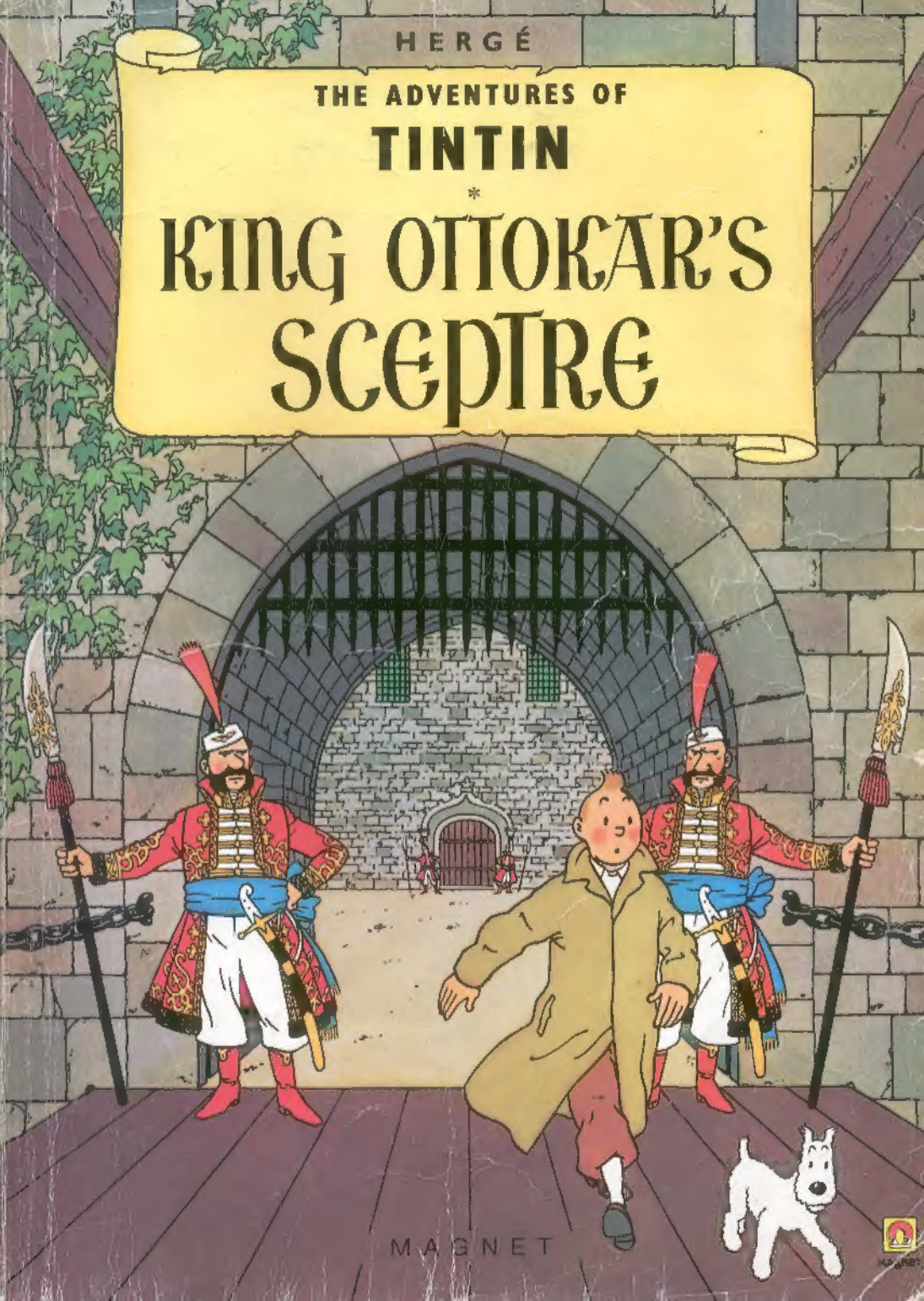
HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

\*

# KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE



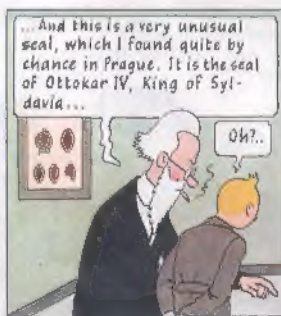
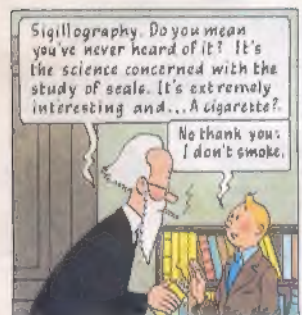
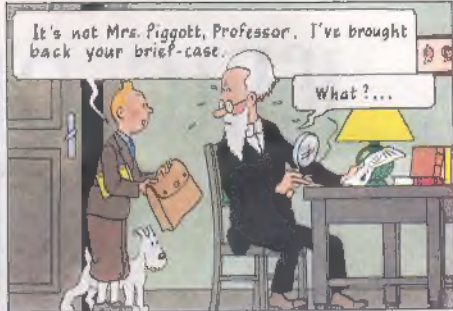
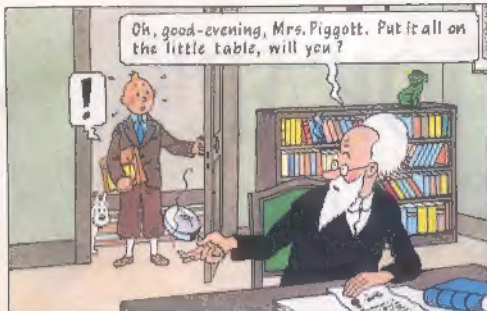
MAGNET



# KING OTTOCAR'S SCEPTRE







It is one of the few seals we know of from that country. But there must be others, and I am going to Sylkavia to study the problem on the spot.



The Sylkavian Ambassador, an old friend of mine, has promised to give me letters of introduction. I hope I shall be allowed to go through the historic national archives, A cigarette?



No, thank you... And when are you leaving?

As soon as I have found a secretary. At least, rather more than a secretary; I really need someone to take care of all the details of my journey, like hotels, passport, luggage and soon.



But I see that you have become interested in sigillography too. Let me have your name and address and I will send you my booklet: 'How to become a sigillographer.'



How very kind of you...

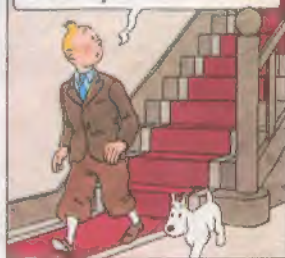
He's going... Quick, meet him on the stairs...



Steady!... Here he comes!



That's a funny place to put a watch right...



Got it!... Wonderful, the way a miniature camera can be hidden in a watch...



Here!

We'll develop the picture right away.



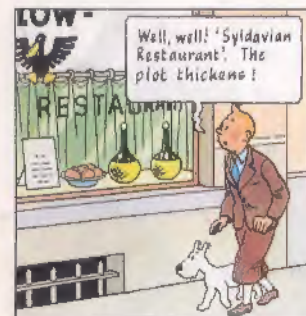
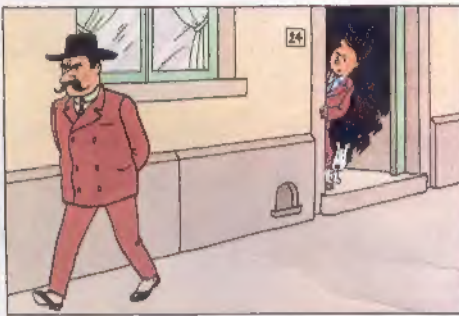
Is it O.K.?

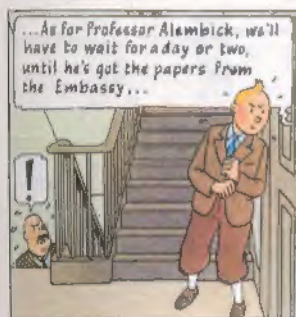


!?

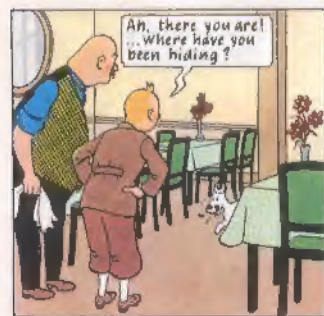
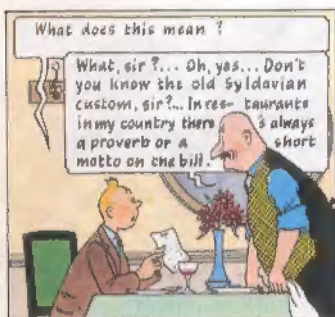
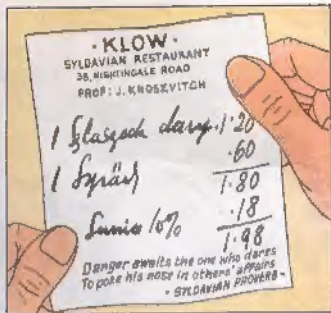
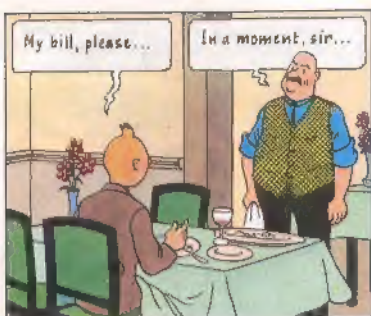


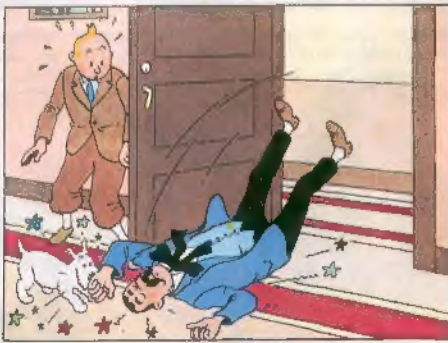
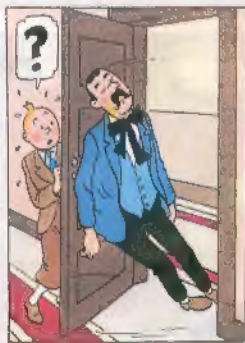
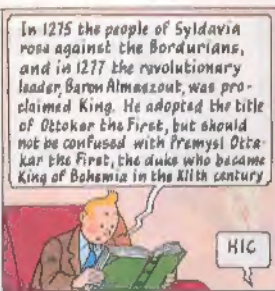
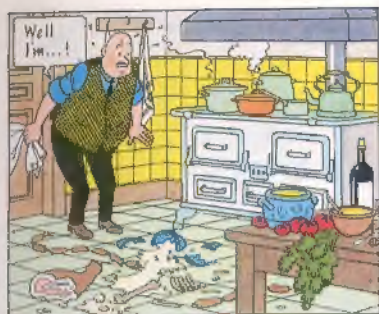




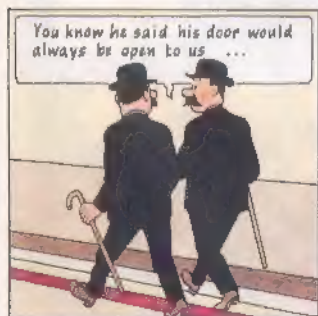
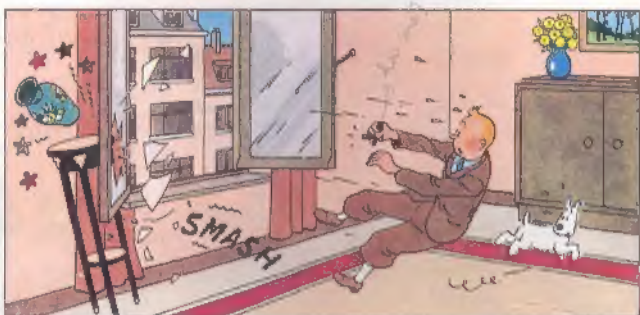
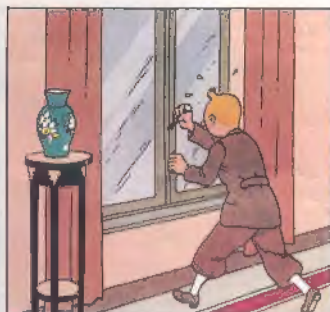


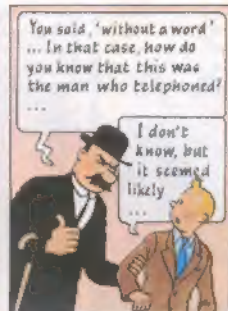




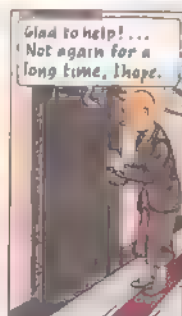
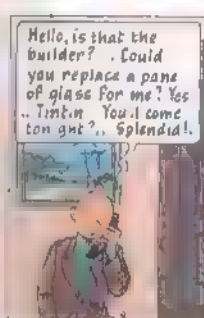
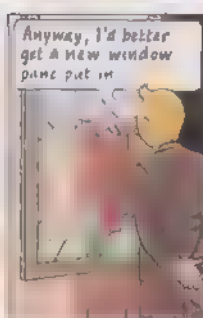
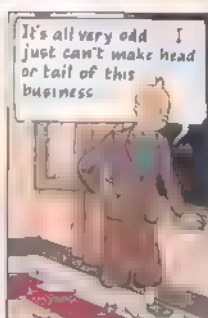
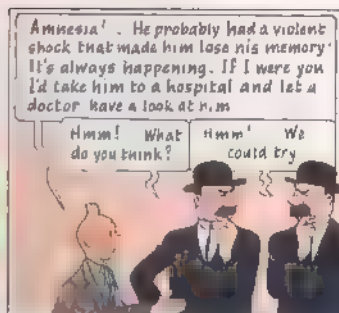
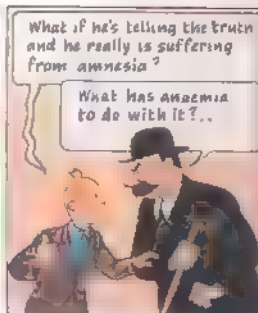










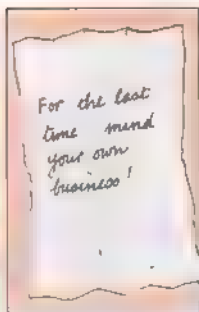




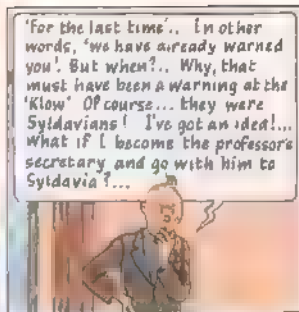
Nobody. The street is quite empty.



Ah! There's a note tied to this stone.



For the last time mind your own business!



'For the last time'.. In other words, 'we have already warned you'. But when?.. Why, that must have been a warning at the 'Klow'. Of course... they were Syldavians! I've got an idea!... What if I become the professor's secretary and go with him to Syldavia?...



Next day ..

Bad news!.. That Tintin went to see Professor

Ambick this morning and agreed to go with him to Syldavia as his secretary!.. He's busy getting his passport now. If he goes with the professor our plan is bound to fail!...

You'd better leave this to me: I'll see that Tintin doesn't go!



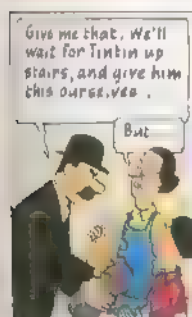
Some hours later

Mr Tintin?... He's gone out.



What's that, my boy?

It's a parcel for Mr Tintin.

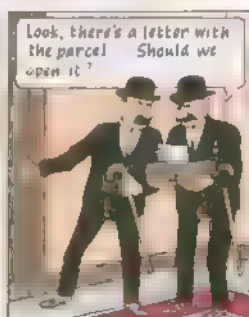


Give me that. We'll wait for Tintin up stairs, and give him this ourselves.

But



That's enough - we're the police!



Look, there's a letter with the parcel. Should we open it?



'If you want an explanation of yesterday's events, you will find it in this parcel. A friend.'



Excellent. What a stroke of luck. Now we can find something interesting...



There are two men waiting in your room, they told me they were from the police

Oh? Good!



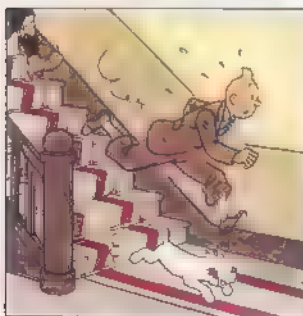
I wonder what they've got to tell me

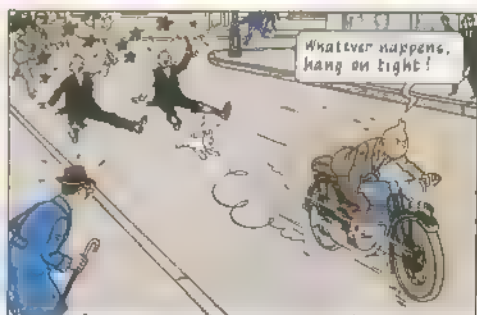


BOOM

!?







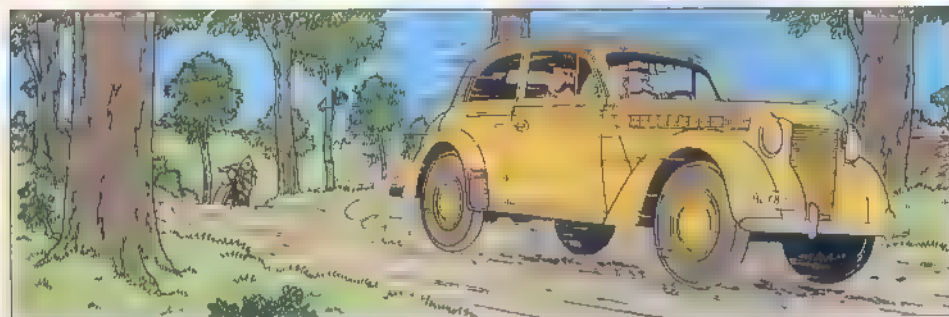




He's a one! He'll P.A.M. Let him gradually close up on us



We're catching up!

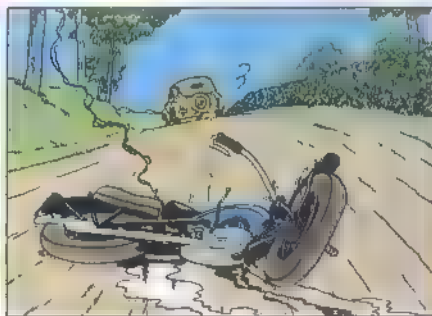
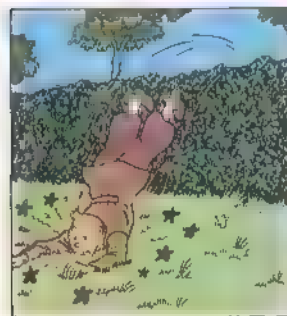
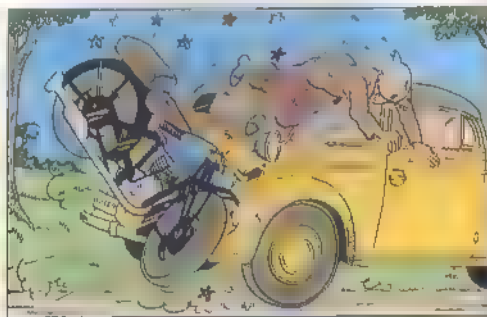
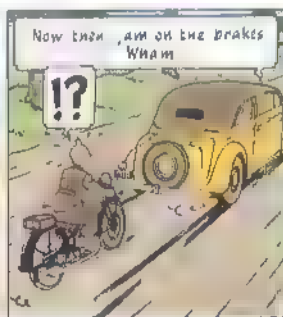


Now we've got em



Now then, I am on the brakes Wham

!?



This time I think we've really shaken him off for good





Where's Snowy? And the others? What's happened to them?



It can't be true! Surely... yes, it's them! Where have they come from?

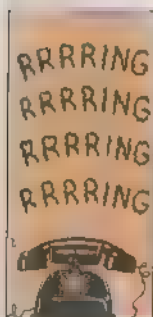


You started off so suddenly that we we couldn't keep up with you. So we commandeered a car. Shall we follow them?

It's no good, they're too far ahead.



I'll leave you here. I must go and pack my things at once. I am going to Syldavia tomorrow.



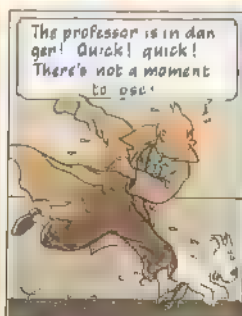
Hello?... Yes.. Ah, good-evening, Professor... Yes, everything is ready for our trip... Yes, I have booked seats on the Klov plane... We'll meet at the airport in the morning, at 11 o'clock...



We go via Prague, yes... Well, goodbye till tomorrow, Professor... Yes... I... Hello?... Hello?... Hello?...



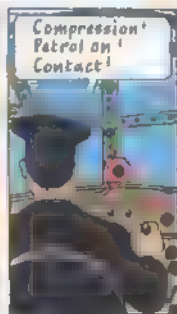
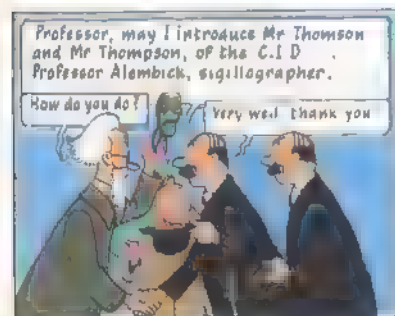
Oooooo Help! Help! Aaaaaah!

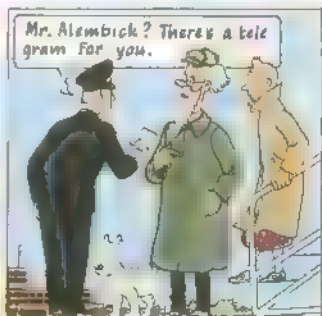
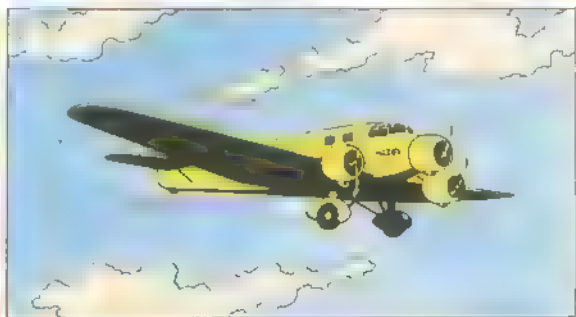
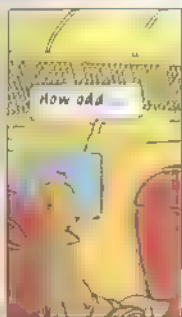
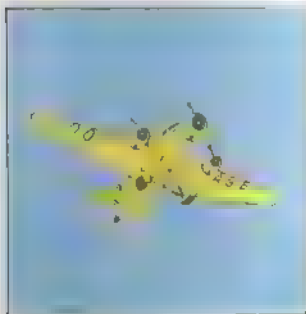


The professor is in danger! Quick! quick! There's not a moment to lose!





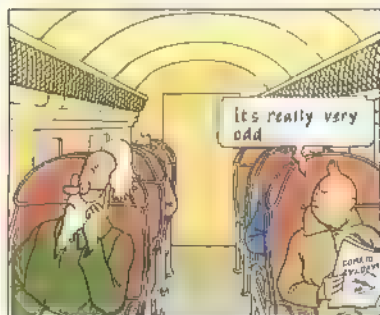
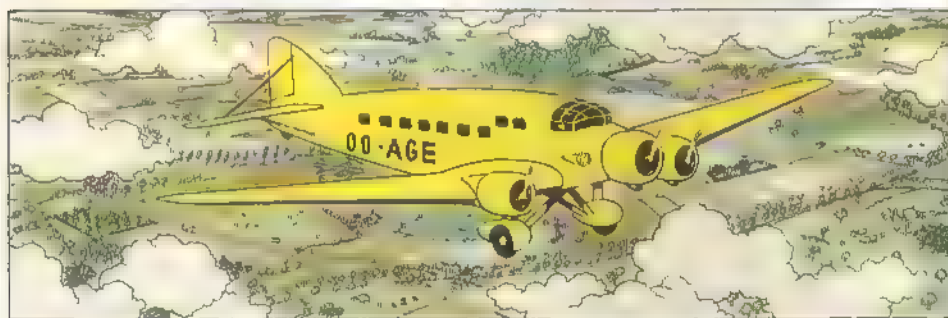
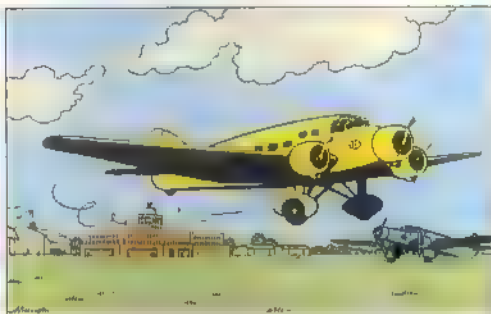








Here's some good news... The Syldavian government has put a special aircraft at our disposal, Look...



# SYLDAVIA

## THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN

**A**MONG the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors, a short walk is a joy for picturesque scenery and colorful folklore. There is one small town in which although relatively unknown surpasses many others in interest, interest and modern times because of its many possible past. In the history is now served by a regular air line network which brings within the reach of all who have disposition. The proverbial hospitality of a peasant people and the charm of medieval customs which still survive clearly mark its progress.

its Syldavia

Syldavia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys. One is the Veldir and the other is the Mordor. The valleys are known for their 22 kilometers. These valleys are divided by wide pastures covered with forests and are surrounded by high snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Syldavian plains are orchards and cattle pastures. The soil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth, the chief of these being at Kefew, which cures diseases and Kraguniden, famous for its wine.

The total population is estimated to be 64,000 inhabitants.

Syldavia exports wheat, iron ore, wine, and a few breeds of horses and livestock.

### HISTORY OF SYLDAVIA

In the 7th century, Syldavia was inhabited by nomadic tribes of unknown origin.

In the 10th century, the Slavs, in the 11th century, the Hungarians, and in the 12th century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs to the mountains and occupied the plains.

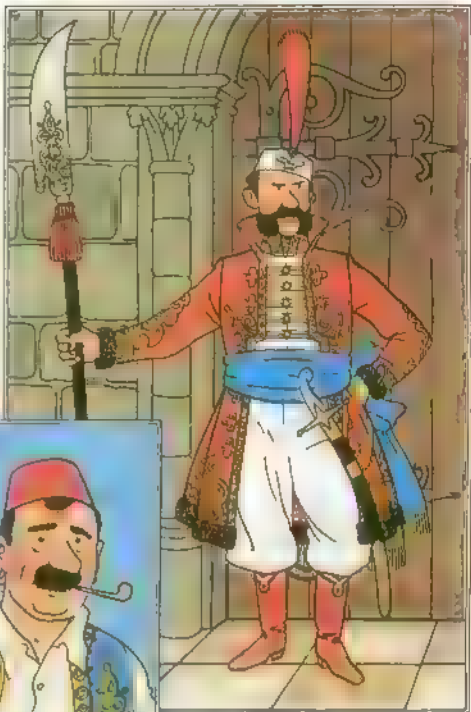
In 1271, the leader of a Slav tribe, who was called down from the mountains to the plain, he had a hand in the capture and capture of the Turkish slaves, putting at their disposal the land. Thus the Slavs became masters of a large part of Syldavia territory.

A great battle took place in the valley of the Mordor near the town of Kraguniden. The Turkish soldiers, between the Turkish army and the Slavic troops.

The chief of the Slavs, a brave and bold leader by name, led his Turkish army, and up to the present day the Slavs are remembered.

Following his death, the Turkish army was elected king and queen, the young Muxkar, the son of the Muxkar, the son of the king.

The capital, Zlatogor, was renamed Kefew, the city of freedom, the city of free and the city of the city.



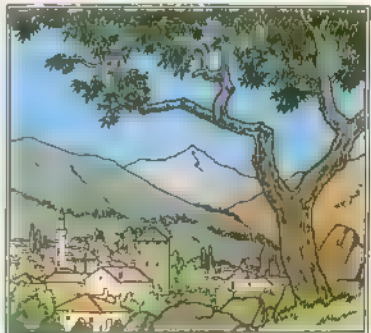
Guard at the Royal Treasure House, Kefew



A Syldavian peasant in an Uzbek town (south-east of Syldavia)



A Syldavian peasant on her way to market

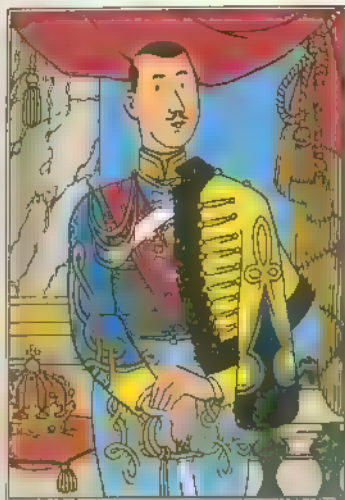


A view of Veldir in the Veldir valley





THE BATTLE OF ZILEHEROLM  
*After a XVIIth century miniature*



11.14 King Muskar XII, the present ruler of Syldavia in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

Muskar was a wise king who lived at peace with his neighbours and the country prospered. He died in 68, mourned by all his subjects.

His eldest son succeeded him, sharing with his father Muskar II, unlike his father Muskar II, lacked authority and was unable to keep order in his kingdom. A period of anarchy replaced one of peace and prosperity.

His neighbouring state of Borduria, the people observed Syldavia's weakness and her king proclaimed by his own army to become the ruler of Borduria named Syldavia in 95 or about a century Syldavia signed under the foreign rule in 125. Finally a man appeared, repeated the exploits of Hengist coming down from the hills and routing the Bordurians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 299, taking the name of Ottokar. He was fierce and powerful, and when Muskar

the barons who had helped him in his campaign against the Bordurians forced him to grant them a charter based on the English Magna Carta signed by King John. Lack and this marked the beginning of the feudal system in Syldavia.

From 311, if Syldavia showed it the confidence with the Ottokars from six well-remembered and some Kings of Bohemia.

His mission was to strengthen the kingdom, the nobles who finished their careers and maintained him, it armed men, things strong enough to oppose the king's forces.

But he the founder of his kingdom of Syldavia was Ottokar I who ascended the throne in 70.

From the time of his accession he was a widespread reformer. He raised a powerful army and subdued the arrogant nobles controlling their wealth.

He devoted to the advancement of the arts, of letters, commerce and agriculture.

He died in 100, his whole nation and gave it that security both at home and abroad, his reign for the renewal of prosperity.

And he was pronounced three famous words: *eh bennek eh bennek* which have become the motto of Syldavia.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Szarrvich, son of one of the supposed nobles whose name had been forfeited to the crown, came before the sovereign and pleaded, claiming the throne of Syldavia.

The king, sterned in silence, but when the presumptuous baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver up his sceptre, the king rose and cried: *eh bennek*. Come and get it!

Mad with rage the young baron drew his sword and before he remained could intervene, fell upon the king.

The king's sceptre swiftly aside and as his aid ensary passed him, carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Ottokar

struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, saying him low and at the same time crying in Syldavian: *eh bennek eh bennek* which can be said to mean: If you gather that's expect prayers! And, turning to his astonished court he said: *Hon tot qu'ou y passe*.

Then, standing gently at his sceptre, he addressed it in the following words: O Sceptre, how hast saved my life! Be henceforward the true symbol of Syldavian kingship! Woe to the king who loses thee! do more that such a man shall be unworthy to rule thereafter.

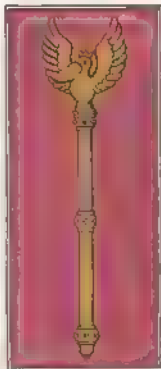
And from that time every year on St Vladimir's Day each successor of Ottokar IV has made a great ceremonial tour of his capital.

He bears in his hand the historic sceptre, which he would use the right to rule as he passes, the people sing the famous anthem:

Syldavians unite!  
Praise our king's might  
The Sceptre his right!

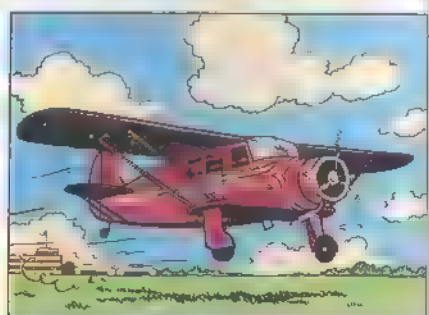
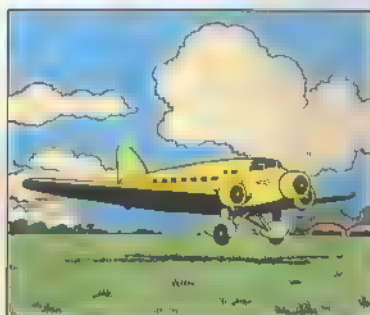
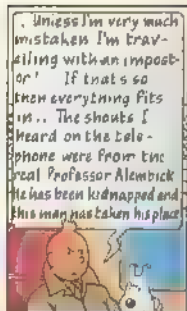
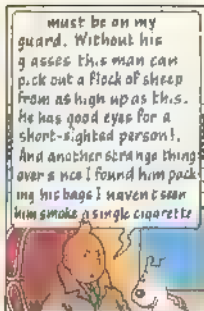
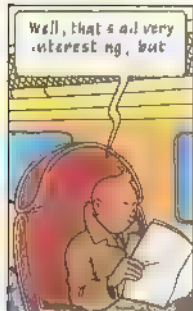
Right: The sceptre of Ottokar IV

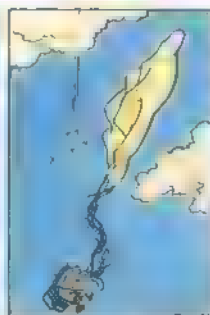
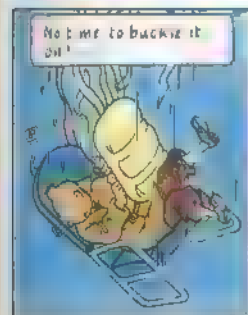
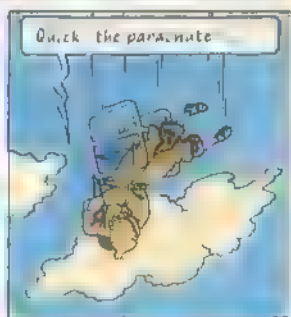
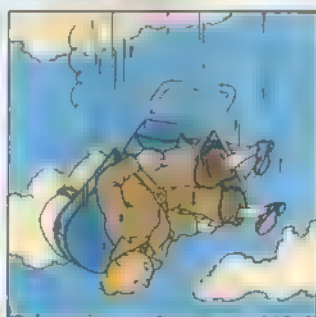
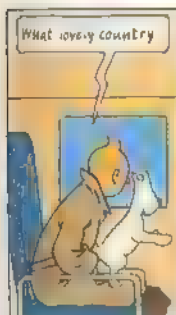
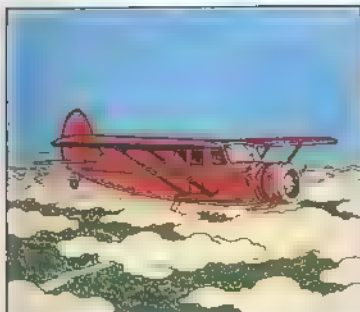
Below: An illuminated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Ottokar IV', a XVII century manuscript.

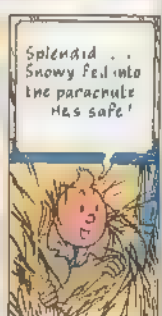
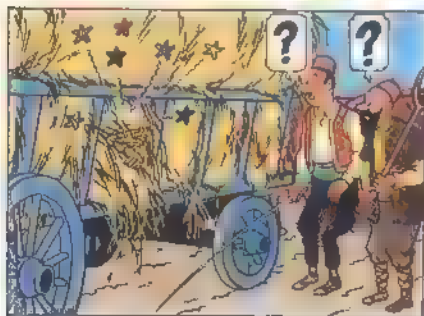
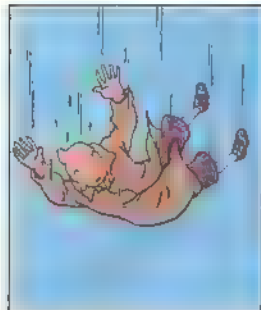


**D**ur Ottokar  
Dus pollez  
ez koniketz  
dan fronn ezt pho  
ma Ozeilla gyai-  
da on estear alpu  
Szommetz pakkeh  
o lapzada koniketz  
ido o alpu kloppz-  
Szazsvitkeh erom  
szubel o Dazobiek  
talta opp o carrow.







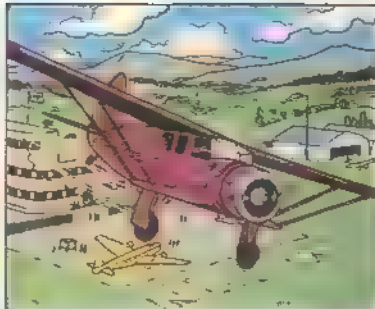






I'll explain... But first, are you sure we are not overheard?

Definitely not  
Go on



This must be serious.  
They've been in there  
nearly an hour.



You have just rendered a  
great service to my country. I  
thank you. I will telegraph at  
once to Klow and have Professor  
Aumbick arrested. I'm sure I can  
rely on you for absolute secrecy..

Of course.. But I  
must be on my way  
Can I hire a  
car?



There isn't a single car in  
the village. But tomorrow  
is market-day in Klow. You  
can go with a peasant who  
is leaving here today. But you  
won't arrive there until morning.

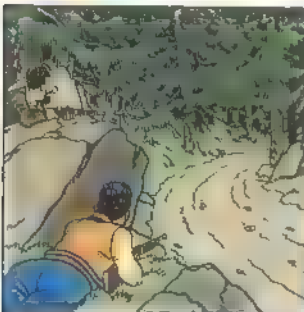
You bad, but I  
have no choice. I'll  
go with the peasant



Hello? Yes, this is Klow 3324... Yes, Central  
Committee. Tjovik speaking. Oh it's  
you Wizek totz. What? Tintin? But  
that's impossible. The pilot has just told me  
What? Into some straw? Szplug! He must  
be prevented from reaching Klow at all costs!  
Do it how you like. Yes, ring up Sirov.



Hello?...Yes, this is Sirov.  
Hello Wizek totz. Yes. A  
young boy on the road to  
Klow. In a peasant's cart.  
Good, we'll be waiting in the  
forest. Yes, we'll cave at  
once. Goodbye!



Look out!... Here  
they come!



Hands up!







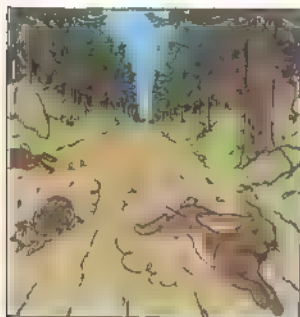


Yes, I am singing tonight at the Winter Garden in Klaw... Would you like to hear me now?

I'd love to



Ah, my beauty past compare these jewels bright I wear!

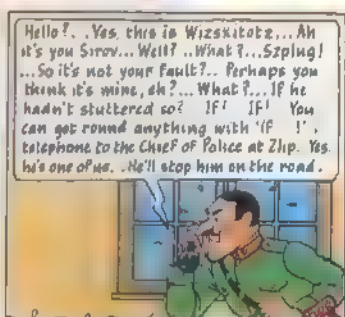


Was I ever  
Margar-i-BA?

It's lucky the windows are strong!



Hello?... Yes, this is Wizskitobz... Ah it's you Sirov... Well?... What?... Szpling! ...So it's not your fault?... Perhaps you think it's mine, eh?... What?... If he hadn't stuttered so! If! If! You can get round anything with 'If'! telephone to the Chief of Police at Zip. Yes, he's one of us. He'll stop him on the road.



Well, how did you like that?

Very much indeed!



In that case, just to please you I'll sing something else!



Where is the boy who is travelling with you?

He got out earlier on. He'd forgotten something at the Coachman's Rest, so he went back.



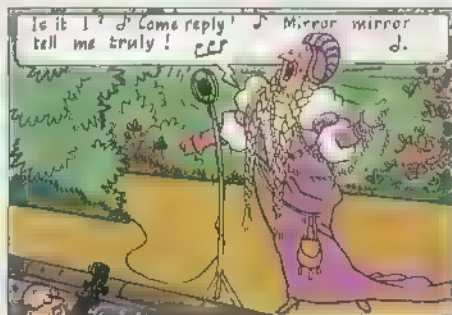
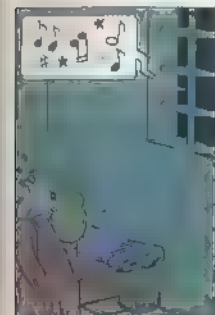
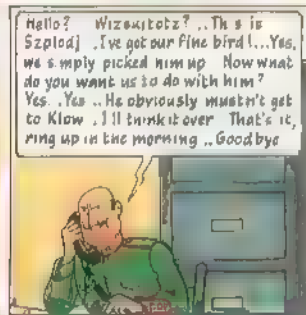
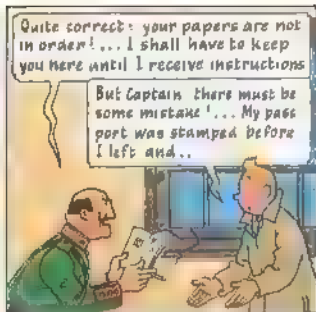
I would have given any excuse to escape!



### Meanwhile in Klaw

So, you wish to have access to the Treasure House to examine the national archives?... I won't conceal from you that this is a privilege rarely accorded to a foreigner, but since our ambassador has vouched for you, I think His Majesty will look favourably upon your request.

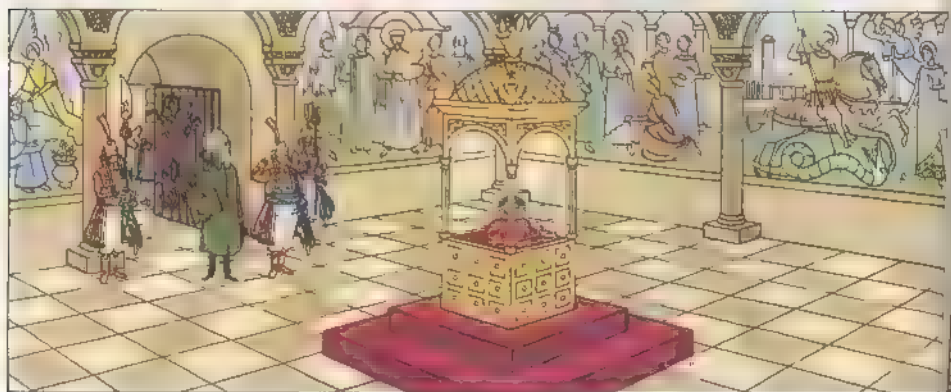
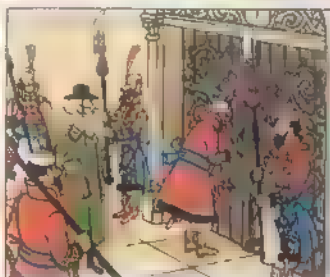
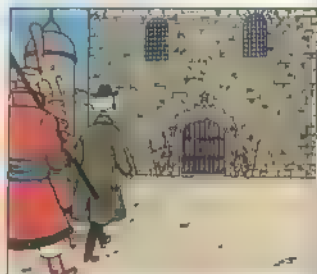
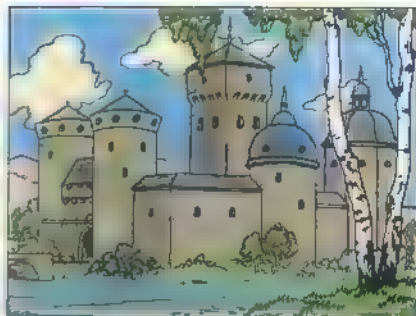




### Next day

This document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasure Chamber. Lieutenant Kromer will escort you there..

The regalia is housed in the keep of Kropow Castle. A special guard is mounted over it.





And this is the Muniments Room, which adjoins the Treasure Chamber. You must forgive me, but two guards will remain with you for as long as you are here. The doors will also be locked from the outside. These are the orders. I hope you will not be offended.

Not in the least...



Meanwhile...

You are to take this young man to Klow. But be careful!... He is a dangerous ruffian who has been meddling in State secrets... In fact, I've been given to understand, on high authority that it'd be a good idea if he never arrived in Klow.



These are your orders. You, as the driver, will stage a breakdown. You will get out to look at the engine, and the others will follow... The prisoner will then try to escape and You understand me?

Yes sir! But what if he doesn't try to get away?



Don't worry!... He will!...

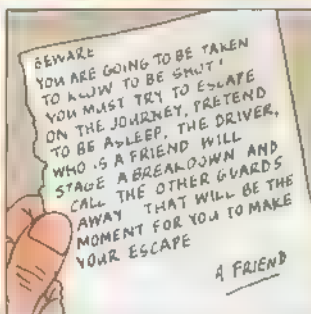


I wonder who can have sent me this?... A Friend? What Friend?



Beware  
YOU ARE GOING TO BE TAKEN  
TO KLOW TO BE SHUT!  
YOU MUST TRY TO ESCAPE  
ON THE JOURNEY, PRETEND  
TO BE ASLEEP, THE DRIVER,  
WHO IS A FRIEND WILL  
STAGE A BREAKDOWN AND  
CALL THE OTHER GUARDS  
AWAY THAT WILL BE THE  
MOMENT FOR YOU TO MAKE  
YOUR ESCAPE

A FRIEND



We'd better get rid of this, in case I'm searched.



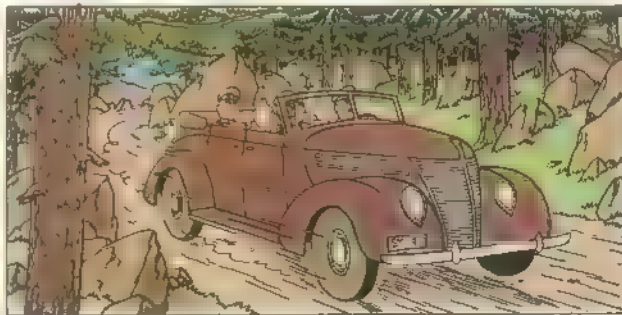
Here, Snowy, swallow this paper pellet for me..

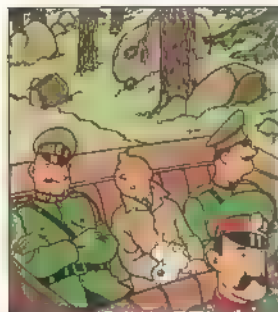


Hurry up now Snowy, I think someone is coming for us



I suppose you think it's easy?





Why have you  
stopped?...

It's the  
engine



Let's have a look... Oh, it's all right  
he's asleep...



Look out, he's moving!  
...He's getting out...  
Get ready...



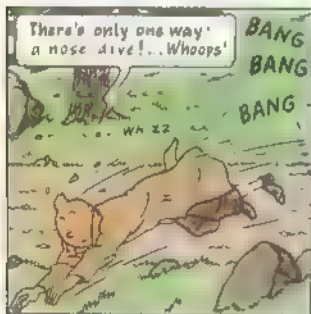
A crap! I'm  
done for!

There he goes! Don't miss!



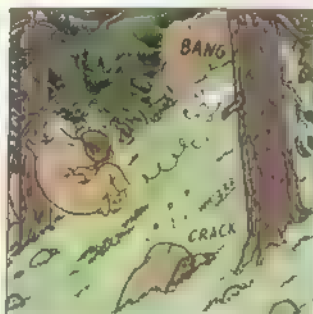
There's only one way!  
a nose dive!... Whoops!

BANG  
BANG  
BANG

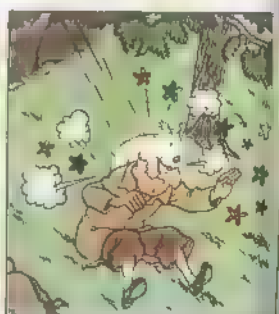
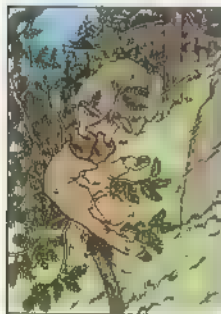
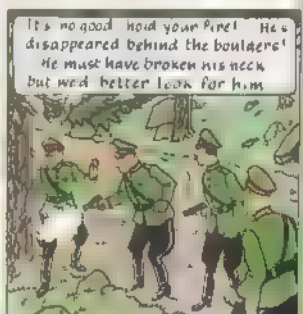


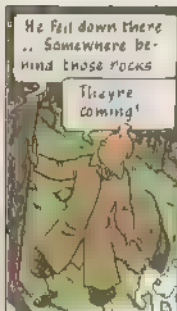
BANG

CRACK



It's no good, hold your fire! He's  
disappeared behind the boulders!  
He must have broken his neck,  
but we'd better look for him.



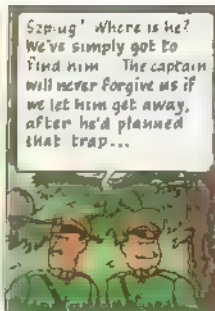


He fell down there .. Somewhere behind those rocks

They're coming!



Careful About here



Szpug! Where is he? We've simply got to find him! The captain will never forgive us if we let him get away, after he'd planned that trap...



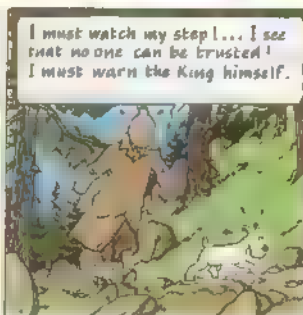
Come on, let's have another look. He can't be far away...



Whew! They've passed us



Now, off we go to Klow!



I must watch my step! ... I see that no one can be trusted! I must warn the King himself.



Meanwhile in Klow

I wonder if I might be permitted to photograph some of the documents?

As a rule that is not allowed, but His Majesty might consent...



Ah! Here's the main road again

Gee! I'm hungry



You have His Majesty's permission to photograph the documents but the pictures may only be taken by the official Court Photographer, Herr Czarlitz. Here is the order which authorises him to go with you into the castle



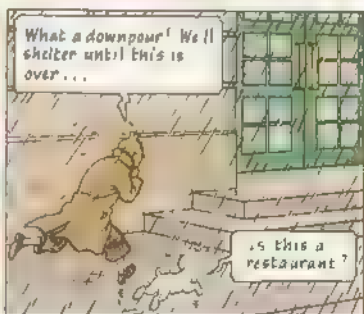
Now at last!

When are we going to eat?



Which way to the palace please?

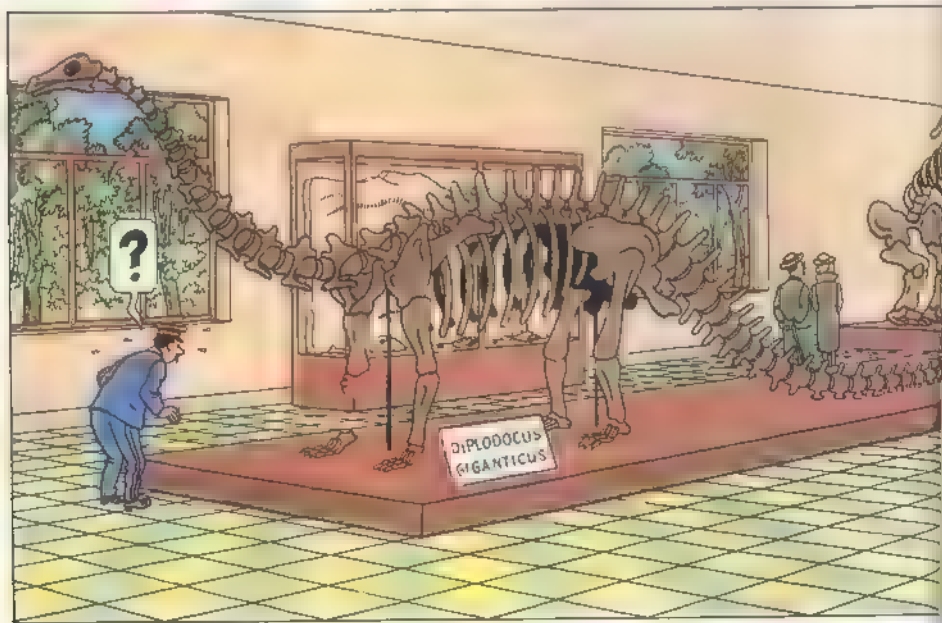
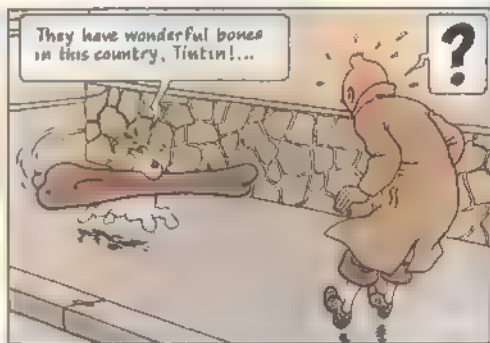
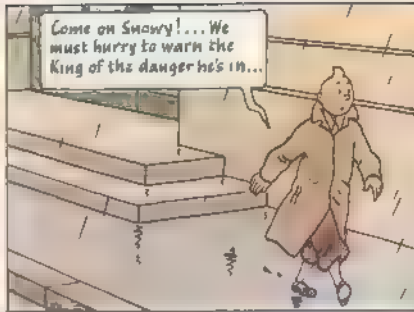
Follow this street to Ottokar Square then turn left

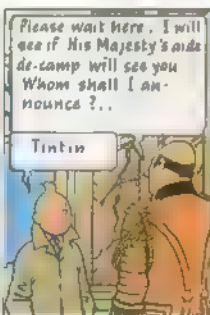
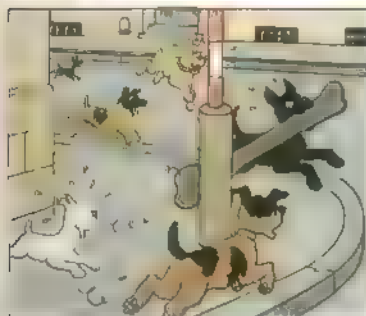
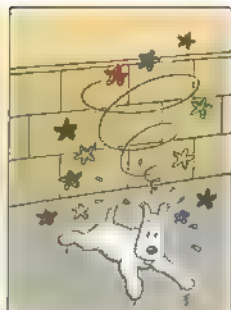
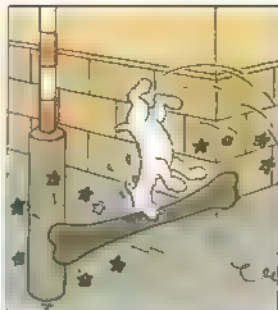


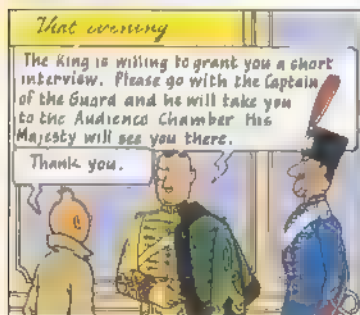
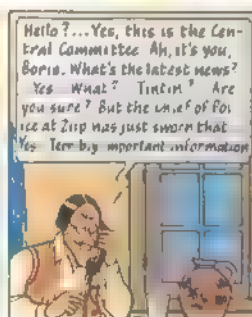
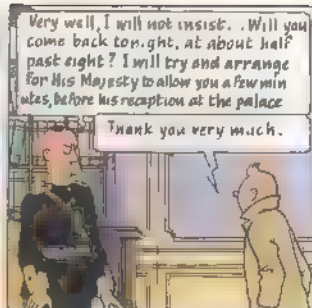
What a downpour! We'll shelter until this is over...

Is this a restaurant?

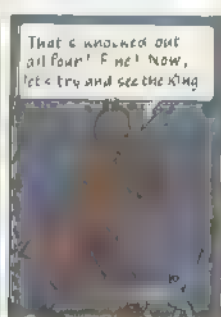
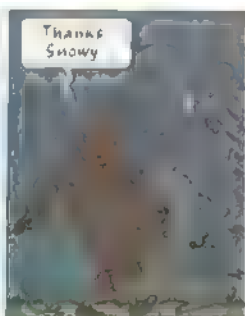
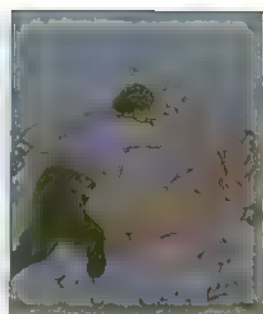
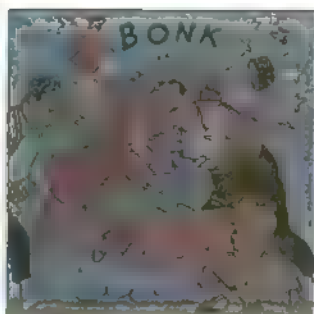


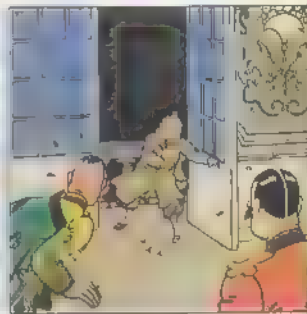
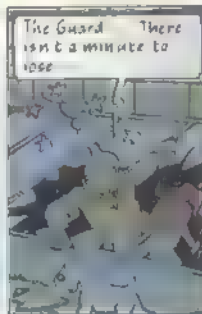
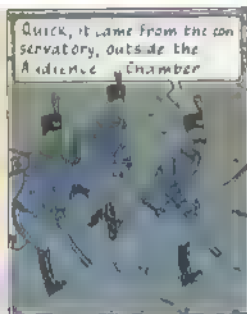










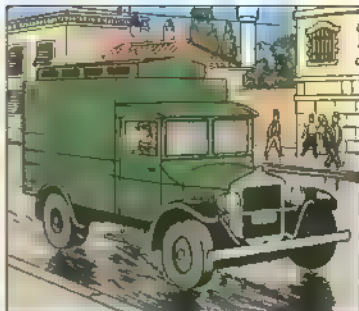


Next morning

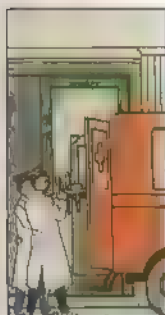
More't me wasted!  
And I'm sure the  
conspirators won't  
be wasting theirs!

CLINK  
CLINK  
CLINK

You are being trans-  
ferred to the State  
Prison to await trial.  
Come with us. The police  
van is outside...



Hello, this is  
St Vladimir's  
Hospital... An  
accident? ...  
Casualties?  
In Molotov Street?  
All right, I'll  
send an ambulance



This one still hasn't come  
round ..

Yes, definitely suf-  
fering from con-  
cussion

We'd better go back  
for the others.

A very useful  
thing, concussion  
... Come on,  
Snowy! Now  
or never ...



Aha! That's done  
the trick! Now  
back to the palace!

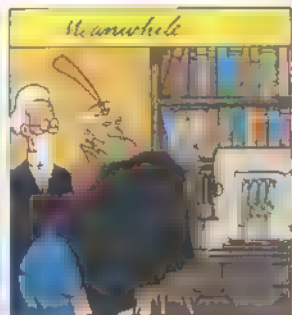
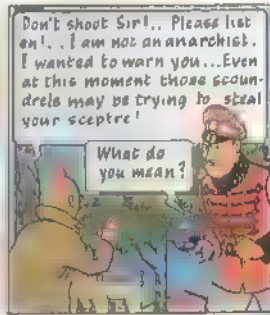
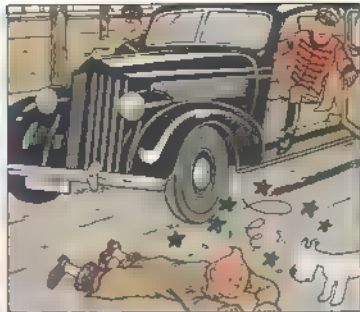


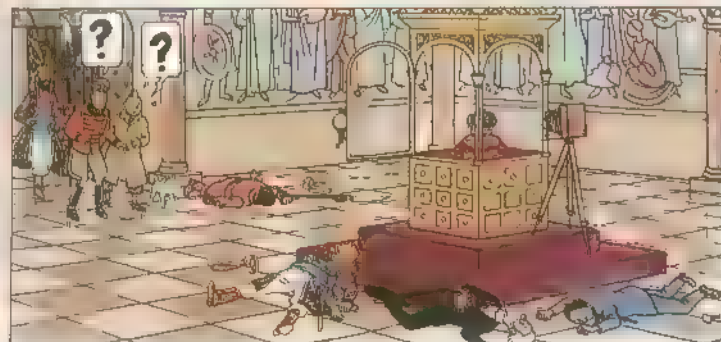
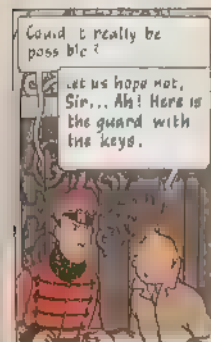
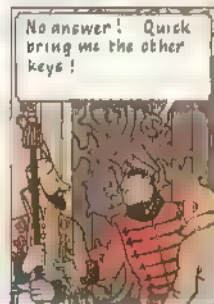
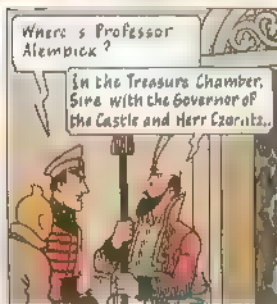
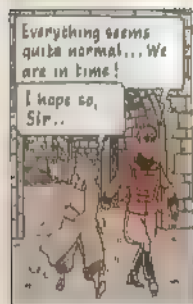
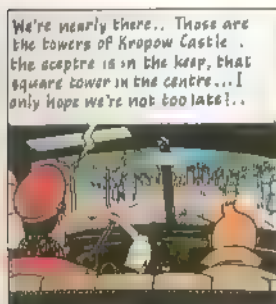
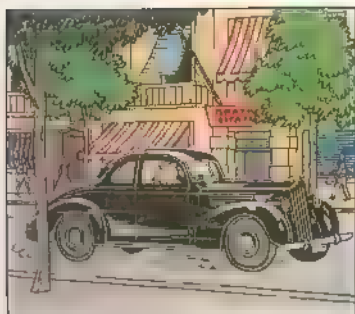
I must see the  
King at all costs



This time nothing is going  
to stop me speaking to him!







# Next morning

So Lord Chamberlain the sceptre has not been recovered yet?

Also no, Sir. But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute, expect them any minute now.



THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

What's going on?... Go and see.



?

Er... We are the detectives who... Him... We... we clipped... and

Yes, and we fell down...



Sure, may I present Mr. Thompson and Mr. Thompson, certified detectives

Welcome to Sysdavia, gentlemen

Majesty your sire is very good... Good Majesty... no, I mean

To be precise it's a majesty, Your Pleasure



We thank you for answering our call so promptly, and for placing your experience at the service of the Crown. This is Mr. Tintin, who will give you all the details of this business.

Tintin! Well I never!



This is the position. Someone has stolen the King's sceptre! When His Majesty and I entered the Treasure Chamber we found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Czaritz, and Professor Alembick, whom you know. All of them were in a coma and none of the five came to until this morning. Have they been questioned?

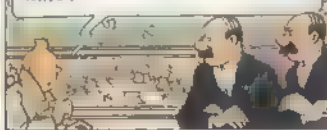


Yes, and their statements agree on all points. Herr Czaritz decided to use a flash bulb. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to choke, and then passed out...

Good. But, hm... did anyone think of searching these people?...



Of course! Even the guards' halberds were taken to pieces, and the camera tripod, to make sure the sceptre wasn't hidden there. They tapped every inch of the room looking for a secret passage, but found nothing! The only door through which the thief could escape was guarded by two sentries, who saw no one leave.



Your Majesty, this is all childishly simple!... With your permission we will go to Kropow Castle and demonstrate how your sceptre was stolen.



Very well, we'll go!

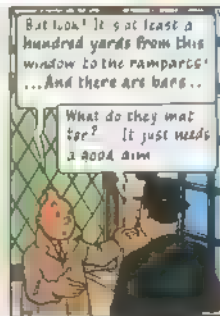
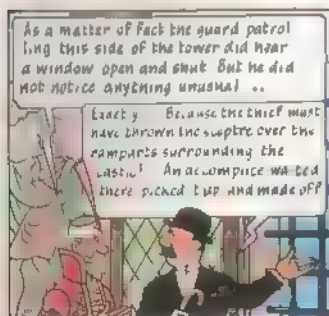
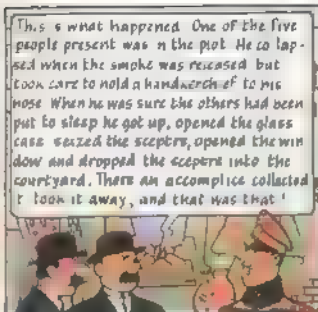
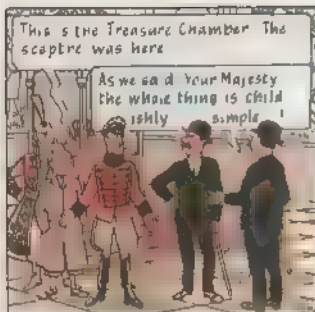
Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!

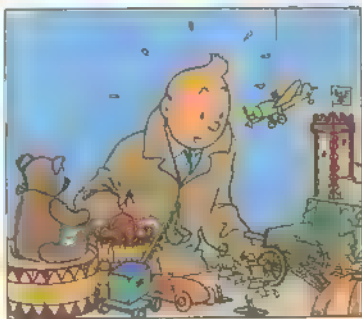
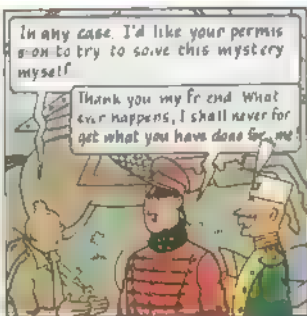


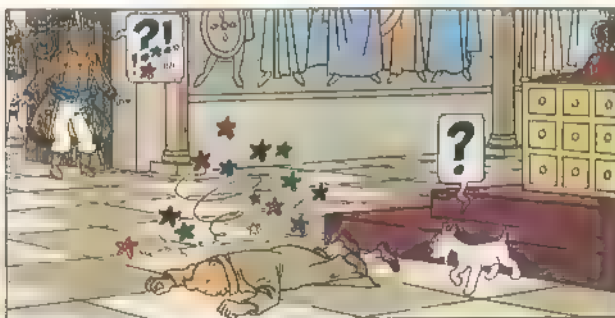
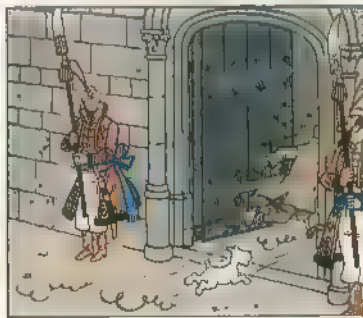
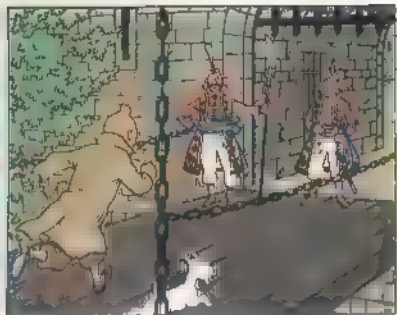
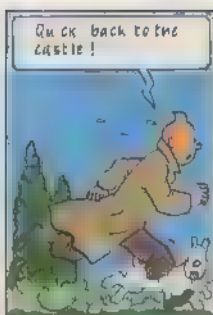
Be careful, the marble is very slippery.



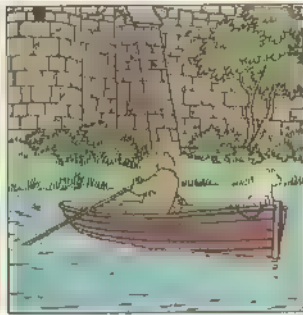
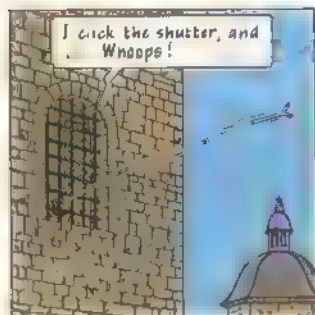
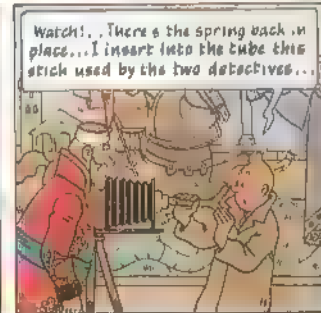
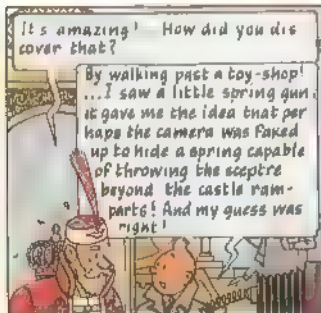
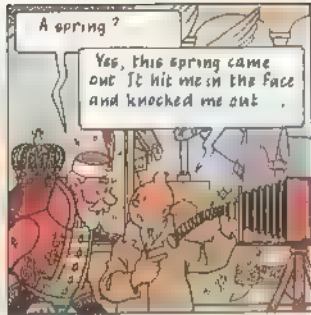
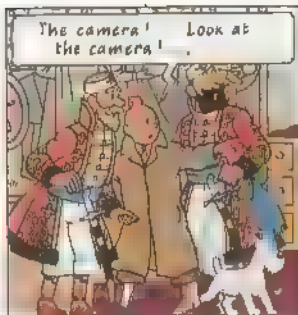




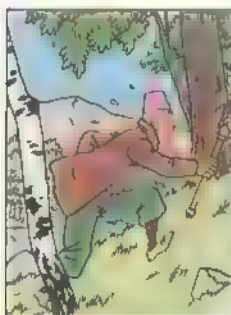
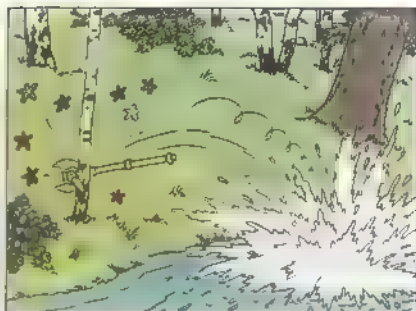














How did you know - was here?

When we went back to the castle they told us you had crossed the river.

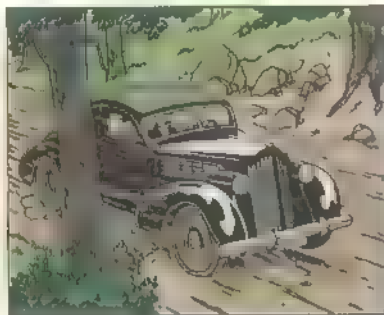
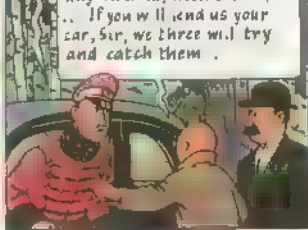


There's the King... They told him, too. He went round by the bridge while we crossed in a boat...



Well, what has happened?..

Those gangsters have got away in a car, with the sceptre!... If you will lend us your car, Sir, we three will try and catch them.



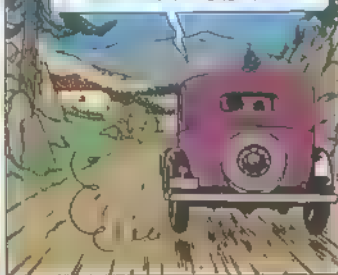
They haven't got much of a start on us... We'll soon catch them up.



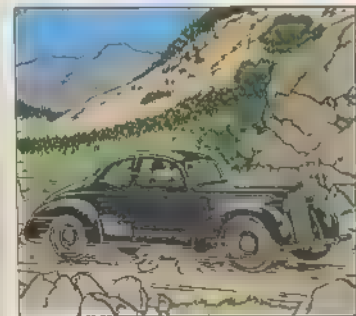
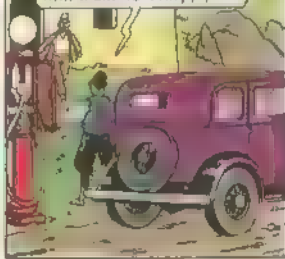
We're almost out of petrol... We'll have to stop at the first pump we come to...



Ah! There's one.



I've got gallons! And make it snappy.

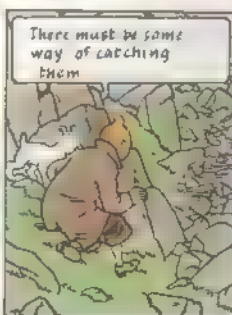
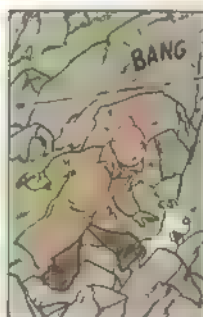
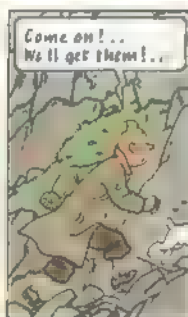
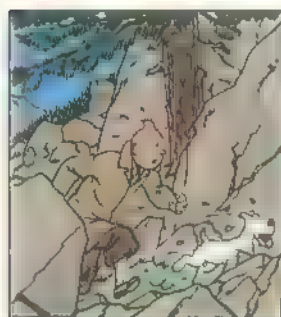
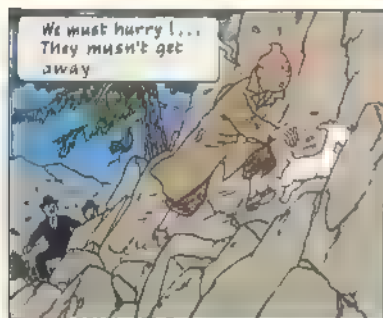
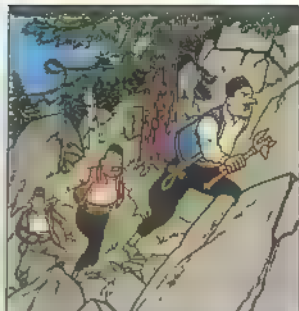


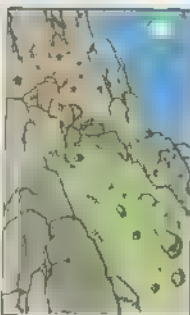
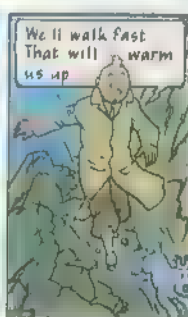
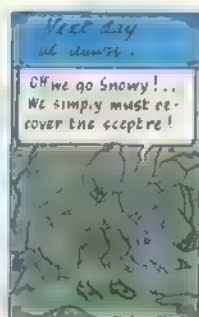
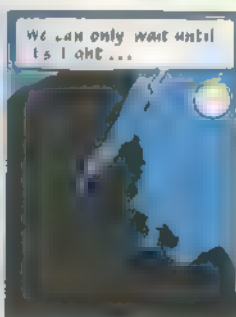
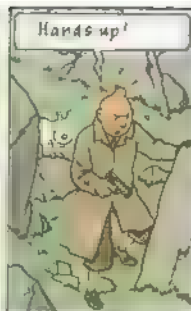
Another twenty miles to the frontier... Good! In half an hour we shall be clear of Syldavia, and the sceptre will be safe!



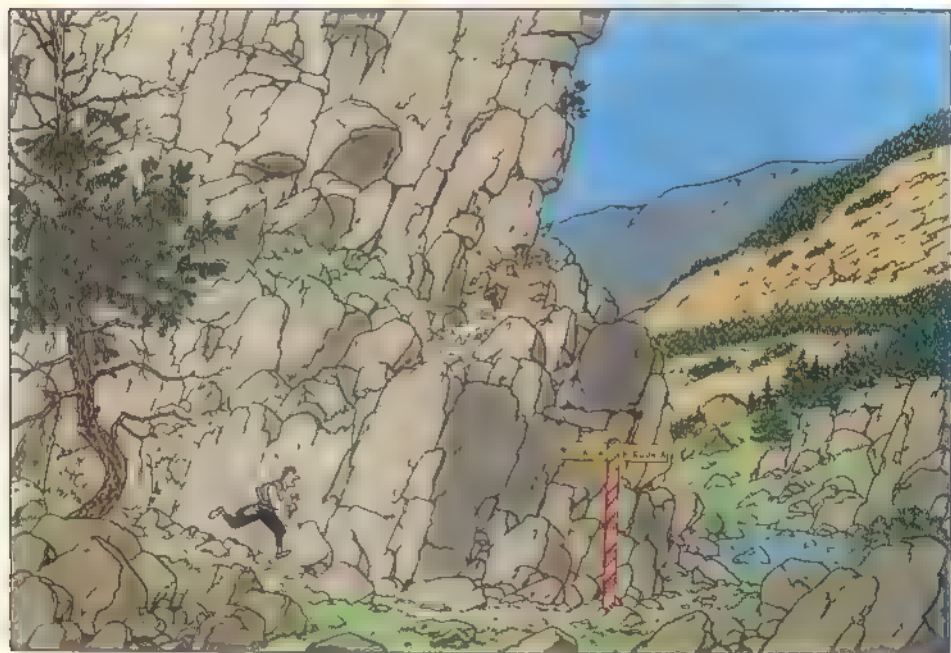
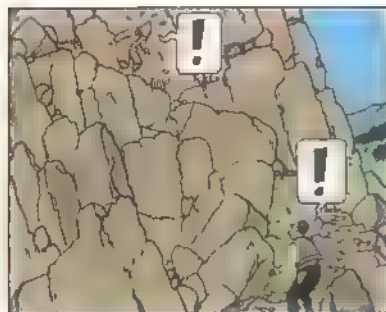
The King's car! They're after us!











Let's search him. Ah!  
Here's his wallet...

?

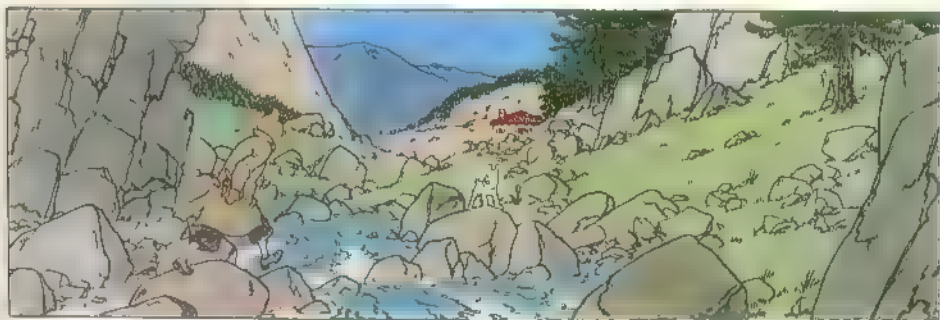
2000年12月

Signed:

Not on foot  
I hope?

Oh, I know... I haven't eaten anything since yesterday. If only I had some food!

There's a house over there,  
But it's across the frontier.  
Can't be helped I'm too  
hungry.



A Bordurian  
frontier post





Heat day...

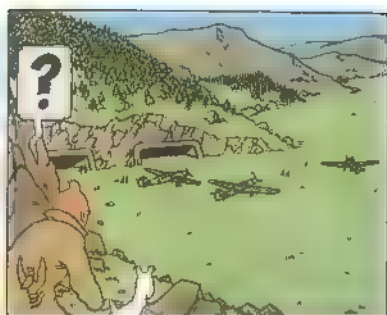
That's two nights  
in the open...  
I'm tired out!...  
If I don't find the  
way soon I'll never  
get back in time!



A Bor-  
duran fight  
er!



He's lowered  
his under-  
carriage. Where's  
he landing?



?

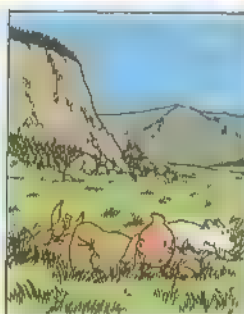


If I could grab  
one of those  
planes I'd be in  
Klow in less than  
an hour...

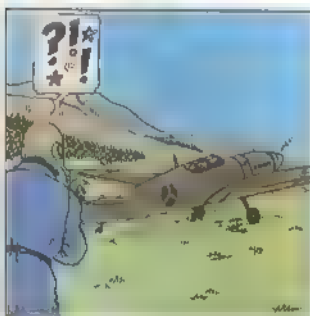


Everything  
O.K.?

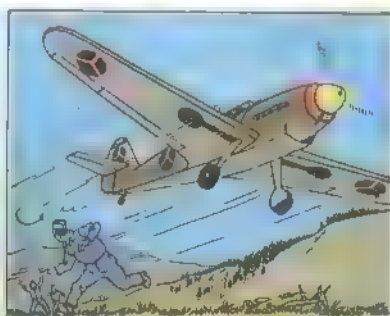
Yes, nothing unusual  
...just reconnaissance  
along the frontier



You know, I've been  
tipped off that Mäs-  
stler will give his  
broadcast at midday  
tomorrow. And an hour  
later our squadron will  
land at Klow.



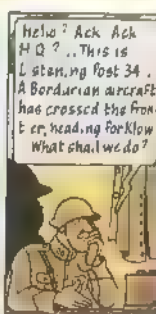
?!★  
★!★



Flat out for  
Klow!...



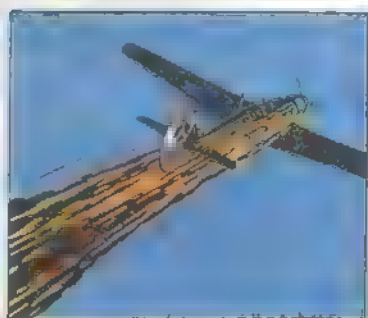
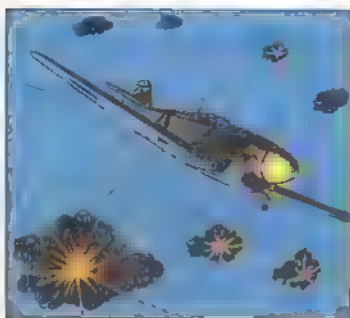
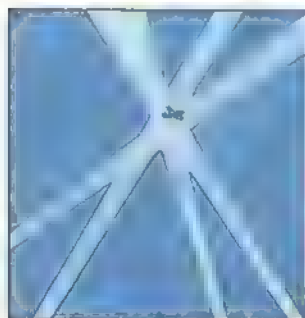
It's getting dark. That's  
annoying. I shan't be there  
before nightfall...



Helio! Ack Ack  
HQ?..This is  
Lt. Sten, post 34.  
A Bordurian aircraft  
has crossed the fron-  
tier, heading for Klow.  
What shall we do?

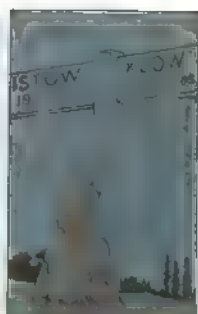
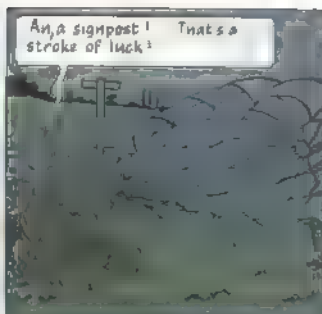


You have your orders,  
Lieutenant.  
Shoot it down'...

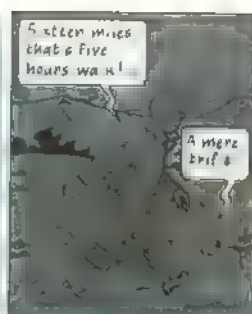




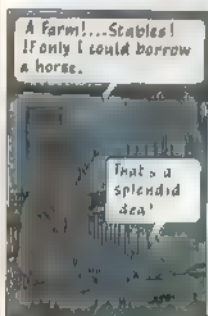
Any signpost! That's a stroke of luck!



Sixteen miles that's five hours walk!



A mere brief!

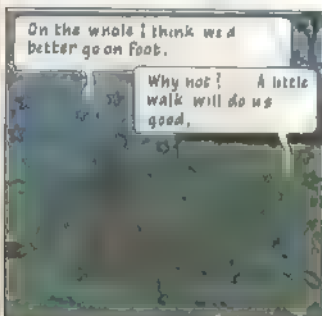
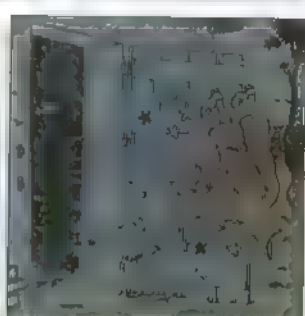


A farm!...Stables! If only I could borrow a horse.

That's a splendid idea!

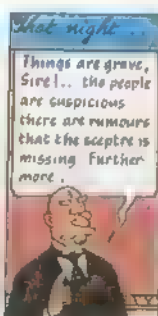


Alas, here's a horse! Whoa there!... Good, here's a saddle too... Whoa now! Gently does it...



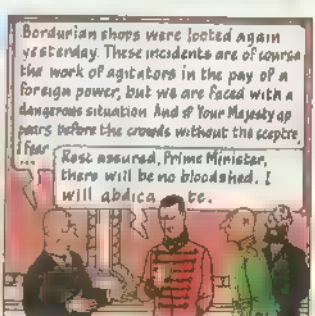
On the whole I think we'd better go on foot.

Why not? A little walk will do us good.



That night

Things are grave, Sir!... the people are suspicious there are rumours that the sceptre is missing. Further more.



Bordurian shops were looted again yesterday. These incidents are of course the work of agitators in the pay of a foreign power, but we are faced with a dangerous situation. And if Your Majesty appears before the crowds without the sceptre, I fear...

Rest assured, Prime Minister, there will be no bloodshed. I will abdicate.



No, Sir, you will not abdicate.

TINTIN!

?



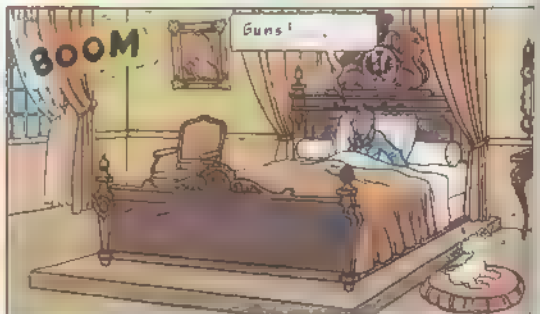
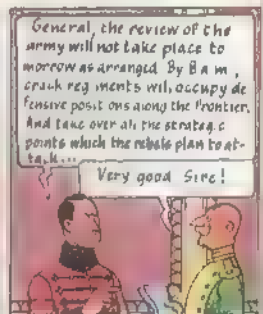
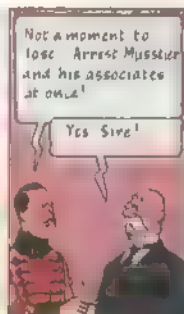
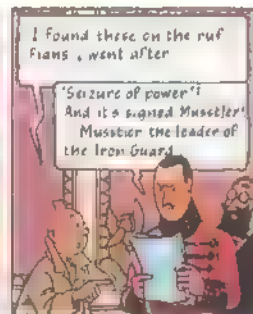
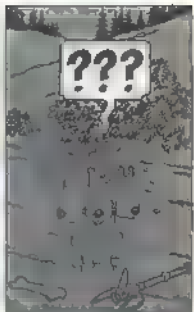
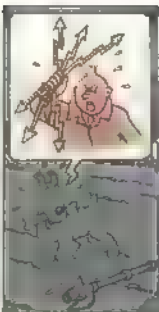
Your Majesty, I have your sceptre with me now!

Saved!



Here it is! I've lost it on the way!





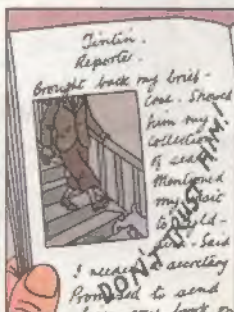
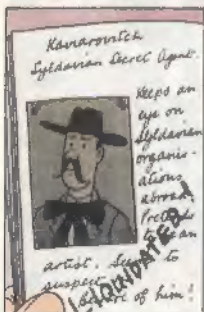
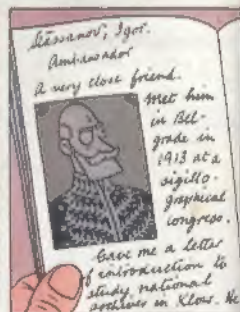
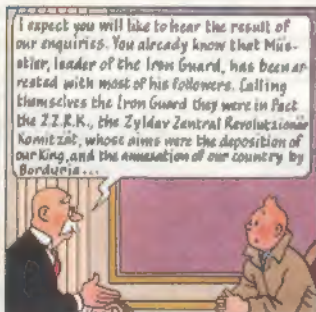
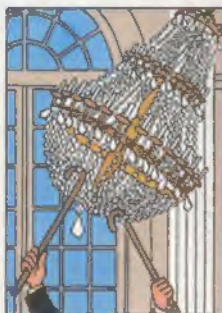
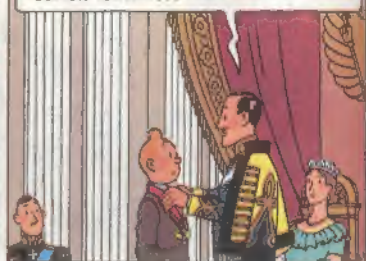




My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. Never in our long history has the Order of the Golden Pelican been conferred upon a foreigner. But to day with the full agreement of Our ministers, We bestow this high distinction upon Mr. Tintin, to express Our gratitude for the great services he has rendered to Our country.



Tintin, Knight of the Order of the Golden Pelican...







Twins! ... I might have guessed it! ... But what happened to the real professor? ...

Well, I've just read the London newspapers. Listen: 'During a search carried out yesterday in a house occupied by Syldevian nationals, the police found Professor Flembrick, the scholar. He had been imprisoned in a cellar for some weeks. He said he had been kidnapped on the eve of his departure for Syldevia, and his passport was taken from him ...'

Now I see it all! First the shouts on the telephone; then the professor not wearing his glasses, and not smoking any more ... It explains everything.



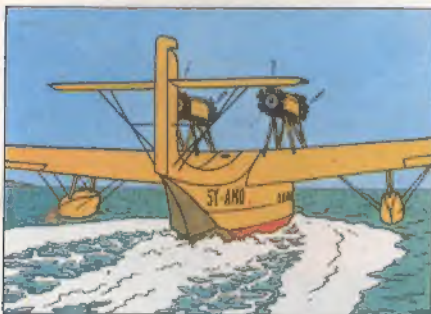
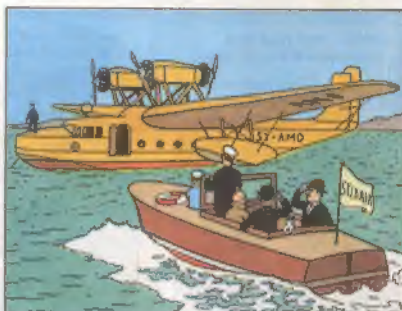
Meanwhile, at Bordurian military headquarters...

... to prove our peaceful intentions, despite the inexplicable attitude of the Syldevians, I have ordered our troops to withdraw fifteen miles from the frontier...



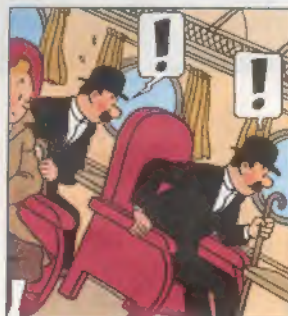
Next day...

In private audience this morning the King received Mr. Justin, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Thompson, who paid their respects before leaving Syldevia. Afterwards the party left by road for Douma, where they embarked in a flying-boat of the regular Douma-Southampton service...



Some hours later...

Ten past six. We're there...



Goodness, what on earth's happening!...

We're falling into the sea...



